

TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR WIVES IF YOU WERE CAP
WHAT WOULD



Managed Husband off the Bargain Counter and Complain Afterward. Make Sure About Him Before You Marry Him.

THERE are a few of the hundreds of letters received this morning in answer to this fascinating question. The debate is waxing hot all over New England.

Men, women and children are having part in the argument. Where do you stand? Have you yet come to blows over it?

To show the wide range of opinions and arguments, the following letters are arranged in parallel columns. Read them all, no matter what your opinion is, for if one or another of them will not convince you your first judgment was wrong.

Here is the Cap

On a sinking ship are three passengers: a man, a woman and a little girl. There is only one lifeboat left. To whom should the captain give it? The man has no prime of life, with wife and children. The woman, whose lease of life has nearly expired, has a little girl, with nearly all her life before her. A cash prize of \$2 will be given to the person who answers this interesting question. Tell why you answer as you do. Reasons. Letters must not be over 150 words. Send to: **Page Editor, BOSTON AMERICAN, N. 100, Boston, Mass.**

GIRL **MAN**
Why the Little Girl Arguments in Favor
Should Have the of the Man in
Life Belt the Case

HARD TO DO IT

EDITOR HOME MAGAZINE:

I hope the captain has not yet never will be born that will have to decide such a question. But if it ever should happen, then I say save the man, although my sympathy is always with a woman.

Were I there myself? I would gladly give the lifebelt to the little girl who has just started on life's journey. For the old woman—

It would be hard to pick between the man and his wife and little ones depending upon him for support.

But I say save the man and send him back to his dear wife and little ones.

Yours truly,
A. J. Moore.

IN HUMANITY'S NAME

EDITOR HOME MAGAZINE:
My first impulse would be to save the aged lady, her very helplessness appealing for succor. But second thoughts would turn me to the girl, the wife of so much more value, both to herself and to the world, so of these two I would first save the girl.

In regard to the man we must remember that the girl may ruin at least three other lives besides. Assuming that they cling to the more numerous, or working class, the man's death would probably cause a grief-stricken widow to assume the role of breadwinner.

MAN OUT OF IT

EDITOR HOME MAGAZINE:

If a man attempted to get in a lifeboat where there was room for a woman he would be called a coward. It seems to me it would be the same in this case. The aged woman has lived more than the average life.

The man is out of the question. As before stated it seems to me that it would be proper to give the lifeboat to the little girl. It does not seem to be a matter of sympathy.

EFFIE MAY KENNEY.

No. 11 Madison Avenue, New York.

should she lack training, ill-paid drug-
gists would probably be her lot, and worse
lot to describe the depths to which she
and her children may sink.

With these possibilities in view I would
certainly give the belt to the man, firmly
believing that by so doing I was serving
both God and humanity.

JAMES E. JENNINGS,
No. 20 Mead street, North Cambridge.

COULD HE DO IT?

EDITOR HOME MAGAZINE:

Give the life preserver to the man, and

THE WORLD TO WIN
EDITOR HOME MAGAZINE:
 In answer to your question, I say give the lifebelt to the child, because she has everything before her that makes life

He is a man in the prime of life he will
 save the life preserver about the woman
 and child, and, by using his energy and
 strength, he can save all three.

WILLIAM B. WOOD.
 No. 45 Manly street, Auburn, Me.

A HUMAN LIFEBOAT

Christ said: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, for such is the kingdom of God." If we abide by what our Saviour said we shall surely go right.

A wife's place in life is a long one, and a wife's work is a long one, and it is to our best ability. An older person often longs for the time when the evil will come and all suffering be over, and the man's family will regret his loss, but for me save the child, pure and sweet, full of life, love and hope.

MRN. F. GALLIE.
No. 54 Centre street, Lawrence.

EDITOR HOME MAGAZINE:
 "I suppose the captain would give the
 preference to the girl he could put it
 in, take the old lady in his arms and the
 little girl on his back, then they could all
 be saved. If he gave it to the old lady she
 would do nothing, and if you gave it to the
 little girl she would not know what to do
 with it. If you give it to the man he will
 be killed."
 P. M. DEXTER.
 No. 27 Academy Hill road, Brighton.

A BOY'S DECISION

EDITOR HOME MAGAZINE:

I think the captain should give the lifeboat to the little girl, who has all her life before her. I know but when she grows to be a woman she will have a son who will be President of the United States or daughters who will do some good for our country.

She will be able to help some one else when they are drowning, whereas the man's life is nearly all gone and he might be dead when she is a woman. Therefore, I think the captain should give the lifeboat to the little girl in preference to the others.

RAYMOND J. PHILLIPS.

EDITOR HOMIE MAGAZINE:
I think if I were the captain I would save the life of the poor old man. I could take the woman in his arms and do my utmost to save both woman and self. The man is young, strong, as well as full of life and becoming as well as a family depending on him for support. The reason why he should have the best chance is he is strong and can save the woman. She is old, but life is dear and she is a mother.

The captain could tie the child to anything obtainable that would float, and with his help it seems to me they all stand a chance of being saved.

MRS. LILLIAN E. BROWN.
No. 478 Columbus avenue, Boston.

No. 89 Penn street, Providence, R. I.

ANOTHER VIEW OF IT

EDITOR HOME MAGAZINE:

Assuming, of course, the child's chances for a long life are normal, she should be given the best by all means. What right have anyone to deprive her of that which others have already enjoyed, namely, "happy youth"?

If others suffer by the loss of an aged wife, married men who can say with the world at their feet: "I suffer by the loss of this child; who can measure the possibilities of this undeveloped brain."

THOMAS H. ROWDING.

52 Highland

Yesterday's
Prize Winner
WILLIAM T. McCONAGHY,
No. 278A Cabot street,
Beverly.

JACK H
CHAPTER XLV.
Almost Lost

RKAWAY

THEN Jack turned the corner he was surprised to find himself confronted by the closed door automatically to the ugly muzzle of the machine gun sticking out through the loophole.

He knew Hunston must have managed to get loose.

Here was a new complication to reckon with.

Hunston was first to break the silence.

In less time than it takes to tell it Jack
 and himself ensconced in the chamber
 from which torpedoes are discharged.
 Flung open turned the levers and the
 water rushed in upon him.
 The weight of it crushed him into the

"Harkaway, my boy," said he, "I want to have a little chat with you. You thought you had the old man safely tied, but you see I fooled you.

"There isn't a bit of use in being foolish about this thing.

"What are you going to get out of this place alive we might as well make up our minds to get together and use all the brains we have to find out how."

"Well," asked Jack, "What do you propose?"

"I propose that you guarantee me my liberty until we get out of this place," said Hunsdon. "That amiable Chinese friend of

Her Husband

your seems to have a strong to eat his throat, and the least you can do is to give me a chance to defend myself."

Jack explained the situation to Benton and Sung Gow.

The Chairman was at first inclined to demur, but finally he consented, and presently Jack found himself homing with the man who, more than any one else, was a danger to his life.

Everything they could think of was suggested, and no feasible way out was discovered.

Then Jack left Benton to talk with Hinton, while he took Sung Gow and began the work of the chamber to the

She made bumps bright and pretty and comfortable, but because so careless of her own appearance that her friends began to wonder why she had ever been called pretty.

A little more than a year after her marriage she suddenly discovered that the husband, who was attentive enough in his own home, found other women more attractive than his wife.

The shock was unpleasant, but the young woman's good sense came to her rescue, and instead of making scenes she quietly accepted the situation and decided upon a plan of action.

self whether anything suggested itself as a remedy for the dangerous state of affairs. Fully an hour they spent examining the different passageways and chambers. Then Hung Gov told them to go to bed and do nothing.

"Are you sure?"

"Everything is all right."

"Hung Gov."

"What fort?"

"The chamber."

"Are mounted?"

"Very well."

"To."

Sentiment she had to throw to the winds. Men were susceptible to the influence of a woman's reticence in all forms, and she must win. She decided. To retain her boy she must win her husband and she must resort to the only harmless sort—she must make him feel that, owing to his eyes, he did not desire in public.

It was harder to make a pretty woman than it is to obtain the character of a character. She had chance was worth the chance.

She was charming.

The

won't shrink in the washing nor fade in the sun, to stand the wear and tear of married life, and to be a good guard to celebrate her silver wedding as she was the bride.

The eternal whim of women who make unfortunate marriages is that they wish they had married the kind of man they were marrying and not the man they married.

They have no right to do the latter, but they have the right to do the former; they can make a just bid for our sympathy by showing that they are not the cynic or incurable imbeciles.

Find Him Out

THERE is mighty little about anyone who is married that she can find out if she wants to know it.

Yet we have all heard women who have been married for years and years waiting over their fate and declaring that they were never married. They never married a man who drank if they had known it.

They have also been called upon to mingle our tears with those of the deceived man, and to be comforted by a stranger and ascertained that he had been deceived.

Likewise we are daily forced to listen to the tales of woe of women and the myriads of wives who have discovered

ally too late to love and honor her. The little parakee, in a fit of horrid fear, of course does not approve. The little parakee, in a fit of horrid fear, of course does not approve. The little parakee, in a fit of horrid fear, of course does not approve.

[illegible]

LATEST PARIS FASHIONS
FROM EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS



LATEST PARIS FASHIONS
FROM EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS



Business Girls Could Do Well to Follow These Rules

[illegible][illegible]Evening Gown of Lace, Forming
Ruffles; Wreath Effect of Embroid
Work of Little Girl, 1890. Gilt

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

\$100 in Prizes and 50 Watches to Those Who Guess How This Story Ends.

Mystery of "THE FATAL CIPHER"

In this story to-day, read it carefully, and next Saturday you will have a chance to win a prize by guessing how it will end on Sunday.

Conditions of the Contest

This story will run through the week. The final chapter, in which the mystery will be solved, will be printed in Sunday's BOSTON AMERICAN.

The only day on which no installment of the story will appear will be Saturday. The next to the last chapter will be printed Friday, and then everybody will have until 6 p. m. Saturday in which to guess how this story ends. The person who guesses the end of the story most accurately will receive the first prize of \$50. If two or more persons guess it correctly the one whose reply was mailed first will receive first prize, the next one will get second prize, etc. If no one solves the mystery accurately, the one who comes nearest to a correct solution will receive first prize.

REMEMBER

That this is a test of SKILL IN THINKING, not skill in writing. All you have to do is to THINK OUT the solution of the mystery. The literary merit of the answers will not be considered. That if no correct answer is received \$100 IN PRIZES and 50 watches will be awarded ANYHOW to those who come nearest to solving the mystery. NO ANSWERS POSTMARKED LATER THAN 6 P. M. SATURDAY WILL BE CONSIDERED. Address all communications to PRIZE STORY EDITOR, BOSTON AMERICAN.

"The Fatal Cipher"

The tenth of a series of mysteries which came under the observation of Prof. Augustus S. F. X. Van Dusen, Ph. D., M. A., etc., etc., so called.

"The Thinking Machine"

—BY—
Jacques Futrelle

Copyright 1905, by American Journal-Examiner.

PART I.

FOR the third time Professor Augustus S. F. X. Van Dusen—so called The Thinking Machine—read the letter. It was spread out in front of him on the table, and his blue eyes were narrowed to mere slits as he studied it through his heavy eyeglasses. The young woman who had placed the letter in his hands, Miss Eliza, both Devan, sat waiting patiently on the sofa in the little reception room of The Thinking Machine's home. Her pretty blue eyes were opened wide and she stared as if fascinated at this man who had become so great a factor in the solution of intricate mysteries.

Is the letter?
None concerned.
And if it all
Am

\$100 in Prizes and 50 Watches For Solutions

One hundred dollars and fifty watches will be given away to those who guess nearest to how this story, "The Fatal Cipher," ends.

First prize \$50
Second prize 25
Third prize 10
Fourth prize 5
Fifth prize 5
Sixth prize 5
Next 50 get watches.

No answers postmarked later than 6 p. m. Saturday will be considered.

Address all communications to
Prize Story Editor, Boston American,
80-82 Summer street.

didn't even look at his pretty visitor. She had come to ask for information; he was willing to give it, because it offered another of those abstract problems which he always found interesting in his own field—the sciences—his fame was worldwide. This concentration of a brain which had achieved so much on more material things was perhaps a sort of relaxation.

Miss Devan had a soft, smiling face, and as she talked it was broken at times by what seemed to be a sob. Her face was flushed a little, and she emphasized her points by a quick clasping and unclasping of her delicately gloved hands.

"My father, or rather my adopted father, Pomeroy Stockton, was an inventor," she began. "We lived in a great, old-fashioned house in Dorchester. We have lived there since I was a child. When I was only five or six years old I was left an orphan, and was adopted by Mr. Stockton, then a man of forty years. I am now twenty-three. I was raised and cared for by Mr. Stockton, who always treated me as a daughter. His death, therefore, was a great blow to me."

Mr. Stockton was a widower with only one child of his own, a son, John Stockton, who is now about thirty-one years old. He is a man of irreproachable character, and has always, since I first knew him, been religiously believed. He is the junior partner in a great commercial company, Burton & Stockton, leather men. I suppose he has an immense fortune, for he gives largely to charity and he, too, the active head of a large Sunday school.

Pomeroy Stockton, my adopted father, almost idolized this son, although there was in his manner toward him something akin to fear. One week had made my father glib and irritable. Yet I don't believe a better hearted man ever lived. He worked most of the time in his little shop, which he had installed in a large back room on the ground floor of the house. He always worked with the door locked. There were furnaces, noisels, and many things which I didn't know the use of.

I know who he is," said The Thinking Machine. "He was working to re-discover the secret of hardened copper—a secret which was lost in Egypt. I knew Mr. Stockton very well by reputation. To me, 'Whatever it was he worked on.' Miss Devan resumed, 'he guarded it very carefully. He would permit no one at all to enter the room. I have never seen more than a glimpse of what was in it. His son particularly I have seen barred out of the shop a dozen times and every time there was a quarrel to follow.'

"These were the conditions at the time Mr. Stockton first became ill, six or seven months ago. At that time, he double locked the doors of his shop, retired to his rooms on the second floor, and remained there in practical seclusion for two weeks or more. These rooms adjoined mine, and twice during that time I heard the son talking loudly, as if he were alone."

To those Concerned.

Tired of it all I seek the end, and am content. Ambition now is dead; the grave yawns greedily at my feet, and with the labor of my own hands lost I greet death of my own will, by my own act.

To my son I leave all, and you who maligned me, you who discouraged me you may read this and know I punish you thus. It's for him, my son, to forgive.

I dared in life and dare death your everlasting anger, not alone that you didn't speak but that you cherished secret, and my ears are locked forever against you. My vault is my resting place.

On the brightest and dearest page of life I wrote (7) my love for him. Family ties, binding as the bible itself, bade me give all to my son.

Goodbye. I die.
Pomeroy Stockton

For the third time Professor Augustus S. F. X. Van Dusen—so-called The Thinking Machine—read the letter. It was spread out in front of him on the table, and his blue eyes were narrowed to mere slits as he studied it through his heavy eyeglasses.

beside him could do certain things, which would prevent the matter from coming to the attention of the police. My father was a death certificate issued by a doctor who has been a friend since their college days.

Winners of Cash Prizes in "The Man Who Was Lost" Mystery

First Prize, \$50—Miss Katherine E. Shinkwin, No. 1 Middlesex street, Woburn.
Second Prize, \$25—F. E. Wright, No. 473A Dudley street, Roxbury.
Third Prize, \$10—Kenneth L. Riley, No. 19 Stevens street, Methuen.
Fourth Prize, \$5—Mrs. R. Hyde, No. 425 Walnut street, Quincy.
Fifth Prize, \$5—A. W. Baker, No. 146 Massachusetts avenue, Boston.
Sixth Prize, \$5—Joseph Collins, No. 24 Penniman street, New Bedford.

else in the letter."

"Do you think it possible, Miss Devan, that this letter was written under cover?"

"I do," said the girl quickly, and her face flushed. "That's just what I do think. From the first I have imagined some shabby, horrible mystery back of it all."

"Or, perhaps, Pomeroy Stockton never saw this letter at all," mused The Thinking Machine. "It may be a forgery."

"Forgery," gasped the girl. "Then John Stockton—"

"Whatever it is, forged or genuine," The Thinking Machine went on quietly, "it is a

most extraordinary document. It might have been written by a poet. It states things in such a roundabout way. It is not directly to the point, as a practical man would have written."

There was silence for several minutes, and the girl sat leaning eagerly forward on the table, staring into the inscrutable eyes of the scientist.

"Perhaps—perhaps," she said, "there is a cipher of some sort in it?"

"That is precisely correct," said The Thinking Machine emphatically. "There is a cipher in it, and a very ingenious one."

TO BE CONTINUED TO-MORROW.

AMUSEMENTS.

BOSTON THEATRE

LAWRENCE McCARTY...Lenses & Manager

EVENINGS AT 7:45 SHARP

LAST WEEK BUT ONE

The Only Big Musical Show in Town

SAM. S. and LEE SHUBERT Present
JEFFERSON De ANGELIS
OPERA COMPANY

In the Great Success of the Season

FANTANA

DON'T MISS IT

MATINEES WED. & SAT.

MAJESTIC

MATS. WED. and SAT.
TONIGHT
LEW

DOCKSTADER

AND HIS GREAT
MINSTRELS

AMUSEMENTS.

Mechanics Building

SPECIAL FEATURES TODAY

Edna Harold Baynes

Talks on the Training of the Buffalo.

At Howard W. DuBois

Will talk on "Alaska, the Land of the Midnight Sun," etc., at Paul Haver Hall, Audubon floor.

Fly Casting Exhibitions Daily

Box Office, West, at 5 P. M.

Sportsmen's Show

The Bingham hunting and fishing pictures in the Main Hall will immediately follow the afternoon and evening series will be shown. Berry's Restaurant of Belmont of Exhibition Hall.

Special Notice—The greatest automobile race ever recorded.

Opens Daily at 10 A. M.

Admission, 50c. Children Under 12, 25c.

TREMONT THEATRE

"All is life and action"—Journal

ONLY TWO MORE WEEKS

HENRY W. SAVAGE'S

MERRY HOLIDAY OFFERING

RAYMOND HITCHCOCK HITCHCOCK

In the New Piece,

The GALLOPER

By CHARLO HARDING DAVIS
at St. Charles at 12
Tuesday and Saturday

HEARST'S BOSTON AMERICAN

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST

80 AND 82 SUMMER ST., BOSTON, JANUARY 1, 1906.

Have You a Looking Glass? Use It To-day

Take a Good Look at Yourself, and Give Yourself a "New Year's Day" Talking To

Look in your glass, solemnly, earnestly, and **CRITICALLY**. Don't look at your necktie, or duck your forehead to see if your hair is getting thin, or get absent-minded and admire yourself. Look at your face, and abuse yourself for your shortcomings. Scold yourself. Realize what a small fish you are. Make up your mind to stop wasting time, neglecting chances; think hard, and make some good New Year resolutions.

Resolve to save money—that means independence.

Resolve to stop wasting time with useless friends. They take up vitality—they are expensive.

Read while others chatter.

Stop deceiving yourself. If you don't get along, remember constantly that it is **YOUR** fault, and the fault of no one else on earth—not the fault of Providence, or your boss, or the weather. It is **YOUR** fault. So change things in the coming year.

Do you smoke too much? Stop.

Do you drink too much? Stop. Give it up **ENTIRELY**, and of your own free will, if you want to see what a simple thing success is, and take the shortest cut across lots.

Stop borrowing and stop lending. **GIVE**, if you can afford to give; never lend, never borrow.

WORK HARD. Don't be afraid to do too much for your boss. Do you want to rust for fear of giving good value for your pay?

Don't bother about what others think of you, or your clothes. This year's success in last year's suit looks pretty well.

Do **SOMETHING NEW**. Here comes your new year—one of the few given you this earth.

Make this year **YOUR BEST**. It is not too late to succeed. But you must **WILL** it, and resolve it. Think it over. Make your resolutions carefully, wisely. **STICK TO THEM**.

Keep them to yourself—unless you are married. Then tell your wife, and ask her to help you keep them.

Good things to acquire in the New Year—**INDUSTRY, SELF-DENIAL**.

Good things to drop—Tobacco, drink, gossip, late hours, idleness, self-approval, self-pity—and their little brothers and sisters.

Rich, Warm-Hearted "ORGANIZED CHARITY"

How Generously It Interprets the Need of A MOTHER AND A DELICATE CHILD

At the death of her husband the woman returned to the factory work with which she had supported herself before, but this now gives her an income of only \$3 a week. She is a capable mother, and a friend who lives in the same house kindly supervises the young children whilst she is away at work. On account of lack of money, poverty in regard to her baby, her own health, which at this time, which at this time,

Do you want a view of our beautiful twentieth century civilization? Then read this announcement, officially published in good faith. We quote literally:

APPEALS FOR GOOD CAUSES. The Charity Organization Society appeals for \$150, which will pay rent for one year for a widow and five young children, and provide special nourishment for a very delicate child.

THE HALL-ROOM BOYS

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They Make a New Year's Call—and Wish They Hadn't

COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON

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Ella Wheeler Wilcox

As You Go Through Life

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

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DON'T look for the flaws as you go through life. And even when you find them it is wise and kind to be somewhat blind. And look for the virtue behind them. For the cloudiest night has a hint of light. Somewhere in its shadows hiding; It's better by far to hunt for a star Than the spots on the sun abiding.

The current of life runs ever away To the bosom of God's great ocean— Don't set your force 'gainst the river's course.

And think to alter its motion. Don't waste a curse on the universe. Remember, it lived before you; Don't butt at the storm with your puny form. But bend and let it go o'er you.

The world will never adjust itself To suit your whims to the letter; Some things must go wrong your whole life long. And the sooner you know it the better. It is folly to fight with the Infinite, And go under at last in the wrestle; The wisest man shapes into God's plan As water shapes into a vessel.



Married Life the Only Real Life

By Rev. Thomas B. Gregory

THE following letter asks a question that is of more than ordinary importance and which the general public would do well duly to ponder.

Dear Sir: Is it true that the unmarried man or woman is but half a man or woman, and that the woman who is not a mother doesn't know what real life is? Kindly answer in the BOSTON AMERICAN and help to settle a very heated controversy.

D. WATSON.

Unhesitatingly, I give it as my opinion that the man or woman who fails to marry fails to fulfil the law of his or her being.

You may call the unmarried man or woman the "half," or the quarter, or the eighth of a man or woman, just as you may decide; but it is quite proper, I think, to hold that the unmarried person is in the state that lacks much of being the realization of "Great Nature's Plan."

That men and women should marry would seem to be an unquestionable law of Nature, and the man or woman who remains single falls short of the requirement, as much so as the apple tree does that fails to produce apples or the rosebush that fails to produce roses.

The apple tree that bears no apples, the rose bush that shows no roses, we naturally and logically think of as being imperfect, as failing to fulfil the law of its nature.

So of the man or woman who fails to marry. Such man or woman, from signifying nothing.

the standpoint of the true humanity, is a failure.

The True Humanity is not single, even dual, but triune, consisting of Man, Woman and Child; and not until these three are blended in the human experience is the true life reached.

Certain I am of one thing, that the woman who is not a mother does not know what real life is.

True as beautiful were the words spoken by Mrs. Lew-Whitney, the brilliant woman lawyer, on retiring from the law some time ago, shortly after the birth of her boy:

"There is no work I could have accomplished that can compare in significance with the holding of my son in my hand and my service to my husband."

Mrs. Whitney, had she eschewed the home-life and remained in the law, would undoubtedly have achieved fame and wealth, but she would have missed life's crowning glory—Wifehood and Motherhood—her husband's companionship and the touch of a "tiny hand" that thrills her with joy that gold and renown could never buy.

"Real life" is the home-life, and aside of such life there is nothing "real."

The life that is other than the home life may, for a time, have its attractions, but sooner or later the attractions will cease to attract and Nature will begin to get even with you, making your existence "stale, flat and unprofitable," like the "tale told of an idiot, full of sound and signifying nothing."